

The Mirror

OF

LITERATURE, AMUSEMENT, AND INSTRUCTION.

No. 622.] SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 7, 1833.

[PRICE 2d.



BIRTHPLACE OF BAMPFYLDE MOORE CAREW.

(From a Sketch, by a Correspondent.)

THE searchers after eccentric biography have long since exalted Bampfylde Moore Carew to a niche of their ideal Pantheon. His title "the King of the Beggars" entitles him to their recollection, and the hours which the reading of his royal vagaries have whiled away were perhaps among the pleasantest of their early days, especially if they displayed an inordinate appetite for adventure. Carew's memoirs are not half so much read in this as they were in the last century; and, probably, the present generation lose little by neglect of this extraordinary biography. Nevertheless, so long as records of eccentricity are cherished, the vagrant life of Carew will have its admirers.

The Cut represents Bickleigh Manor-house, near Tiverton, in Devonshire, where Bampfylde Moore Carew was born in July, 1693. He was descended from the ancient family of the Carews, one of whom, George Carew, Earl of Totness, served under the Earl of Essex, in Queen Elizabeth's expedition against Cadix. Bampfylde's father was many years rector of Bickleigh. His christening was a grand event for the West of England gentry, and he was named after his grandfather, the Hon. Hugh Bampfylde, and the Hon. Major Moore. The family of the

Carews resided in the manor-house at Bickleigh, and in the early part of the present century, seven eighths of the lordship of the hundred, manor, and borough of Tiverton, belonged to a descendant, Sir Thomas Carew, Bart. of Hacombe, Devon. The manor-house in the engraving appears to be a decaying vestige of the capacious mansion style of the Elizabethan age; and, with clustering foliage about its walls, and weeds clinging to the angles, it presents altogether a picturesque ruin.

Carew, as the reader must recollect, was sent to Tiverton school, where his hopeful acquaintance with "young gentlemen of the best rank and fortune" led to the chase of Colonel Nutcombe's fine deer with a collar about its neck: and the fear of being punished for this truant sport induced Carew and his companions to visit the Brick ale-house, where they joined "a society of gipsies." The characters and disguises of his subsequent vagrancy must be left to his biographer, with the achievements by which he raised himself to the dignity of "King of the Beggars," a title, by the way, not extinct in these days. We can only add that Carew died July 6, 1759, in the sixty-sixth year of his age, and the 50th year of his travels.

CONSTRUCTION OF THE STALK OF WHEAT, &c.

"When the grain of wheat, (says Sturm,) has been some time in the ground it shoots upwards a stalk, which rises perpendicularly, but only grows slowly, that the wheat may have time to ripen. It is for very wise reasons that it grows four or five feet high, in order to preserve the grain from the moisture of the ground, which would rot it. The height of the stalk contributes also to the depuration of the nourishing juices which the root conveys to it; and its round form assists this operation; for, by that means the heat penetrates equally into every part of the stem. But how is it possible that so slender a stalk can support itself, and bear up its fruitful head without sinking under the weight, or without being beaten down by a breath of wind? The Creator guarded against this inconvenience in the formation of the stem. He furnished it with four very strong knots, which in some measure serve as screws, strengthening it, without taking from it the power of bending. The construction of these knots alone shows the greatest wisdom. Like a very fine sieve they are full of holes, and through these orifices the juices rise up, and the heat of the sun penetrates into them. The heat attenuates the juices which collect there, and purifies them, by making them pass through a sort of sieve. The stalk is liable to be beaten down by storms and heavy showers of rain, but its not being thick secures it. It is flexible enough to bend without breaking. From out the chief stem there shoot others not so high, as well as leaves, which collecting drops of rain and dew, furnish the plant with the nutritive juices it requires. In the mean time, the grain, that essential part of the plant, forms itself by degrees. To preserve these tender sprouts from the accidents and dangers which might destroy them at the instant of their birth, the two upper leaves of the stalk unite closely at the top, both to preserve the ear of corn, and to draw to it the nourishing juices. But as soon as the stem is formed enough to support the grain of itself with proper juices, the leaves gradually dry and drop off, that none may have anything more than necessary to nourish it. When this scaffolding is removed, the edifice appears in full beauty. The bearded corn waves gracefully, and its points serve for ornament as well as defence against the birds. Refreshed with gentle rains, it thrives till the appointed time, giving the farmer fine hopes, and growing every day more yellow, till sinking at last under the weight of its riches, it bends its head of itself to the sickle."

Miller enumerates thirteen species of wheat,* of all these sorts, (he says,) cultivated in Britain.

* There are now upwards of 330 varieties and sub-varieties in Britain.

vented in this country, the *cone wheat* is chiefly preserved, as it has a larger ear and a fuller grain than any other; but the seeds of all should be annually changed; for if they are sown on the same farm, they will not succeed so well as when the seed is brought from a distant country."

In Hertfordshire, the *ruiv*, or bearded, is the common sort on the clays and strong loams about Sawbridgeworth. About St. Alban's, *Day's Stout*, which has the ears growing with four sets of kernels, is much sown; also about Hitchin, where it was discovered by a poor labourer who gathered a few ears. It is said to yield well. It is not well known from what country wheat was first introduced into this. It is indigenous in Little Tartary and Siberia, where it still grows without culture. P. T. W.

By way of rider to our Correspondent's Notes, we may add that Sir Robert Ker Porter, the British consul at Caracas, has lately forwarded to this country a small supply of the Victoria wheat, so much extolled for its productiveness, and the short period required for its growth. According to Humboldt, the produce of this wheat at La Victoria, is from 2,160 to 2,560 lbs. per English acre, while in France, the produce of wheat from an equal space does not exceed 800 to 960 lbs. Should it retain the property of early maturity, for which it is remarkable in the other hemisphere, a crop of Victoria wheat, sown on the 15th of February, would be ready for the sickle on May 1; and if threshed, and resown on the 15th of May, a second crop might be reaped on the 29th of July.*—But, surely our climate precludes all such golden expectations.

REFORMATION EPITAPH.

(To the Editor.)

When travelling through Scotland this summer, I went to see the tombstones in Muirkirk Churchyard, Ayrshire. I was much interested with the inscription on one of them, which I with difficulty transcribed, as it is nearly obliterated by decay. The following is a copy:

INSCRIPTION.

Here lies John Smith who was shot by Col. Buchan and the laird of Lee Feb. 1685. For his adherence to the word of God and Scotland's covenanted work of reformation, Rev. 12. 11. Erected in the year 1731."

Epitaph.

"When proud apostates did abjure Scotland's reformation pure And fill'd this land with perjury and all sorts of iniquity Such as would not with them comply They perished."

* Morning Herald.

speaks with hue and
cry. I in the fight
was overtaken And fo
r the truth by them
was slain "

To readers of Scottish History, it is needless to say, that the name of the laird of Lee was Lockart, and that Lee House is at present the country residence of the Lockart family: that it is at this beautiful place, on the banks of the Clyde, where the "Lee Penny" is kept.

R. B.

The Sketch-Book.

PROFESSION OF A NUN.

(From Bell's Observations on Italy.)

Among the institutions of the Roman Catholic faith, monasteries form a conspicuous feature. It is impossible, I think, to reflect on the state of beings thus cut off from all the social ties of life, without a sensation of melancholy; a sensation which is more especially awakened to the situation of female votaries, their stricter rules, and more uninterrupted seclusion, separating them from the world by stronger barriers than those opposed to the other sex.

The profession of a young nun can hardly be witnessed without exciting feelings of strong emotion. To behold a being in the early dawn of youth, about to forsake the world, while its joys alone are painted to the imagination; and sorrow, yet untasted, seems far distant—to see her, with solemn vows, cross that threshold, which may not again be repassed, and which separates her for ever from all those scenes that give interest, and delight, and joy to life—to imagine her in the lonely cell that is to replace the beauty and the grandeur of nature, presents a picture that must fill the mind with powerful feelings of sadness.

Such is the illusion, such the sensation inspired by the solemn scene, that I believe that he whose faith hallows, or he whom a different persuasion leads to deplore, the sacrifice, will yet, for the moment, behold it with equal emotion.

The mind, if not more than usually cold, will with difficulty suppress the tear that makes from the heart, when contemplating, in perspective, the long listless life which lies spread out, in an unvarying form, before her who is thus, for the last time, surrounded by a busy throng, and adorned with a splendor that seems but to mock her fate.

The convent in which we were now to behold this ceremony belongs to an austere order, styled "Lume Sacra," having severe regulations, enforcing silence and contemplation.

One of their symbols resembles the ancient custom of the Vestal Virgins; like them, they are enjoined to watch continually over the sacred lamp, burning for ever. The

costume of this community differs essentially from that usually worn, and is singularly beautiful and picturesque; but, while it pleases the eye, it covers an ascetic severity, their waist being grasped, under the garment, by an iron girdle, which is never loosened.

It appeared that the fortunes of the fair being who was this day to take the veil, had been marked by events so full of sorrow, that her story, which was told in whispers by those assembled, was not listened to without the deepest emotion. Circumstances of the most affecting nature had driven her to seek shelter in a sanctuary, where the afflicted may weep in silence, and where, if sorrow is not assuaged, its tears are hidden.

All awaited the moment of her entrance with anxious impatience, and on her appearance every eye was directed towards her with an expression of the deepest interest. Splendidly adorned, as is customary on these occasions, and attended by a female friend of high rank, she slowly advanced to the seat assigned her near the altar. Her fine form rose above the middle stature, a gentle bend marked her contour, but it seemed as the yielding of a fading flower; her deep blue eyes, which were occasionally in pious awe raised to Heaven, and her long, dark eye-lashes, gave life to a beautiful countenance on which resignation seemed portrayed. The places allotted to us as being strangers, whom the Italians never fail to distinguish by the most courteous manners, were such as not only to enable us to view the whole ceremony, but to contemplate the features and expression of this interesting being.

She was the only child of doting parents; but while their afflicted spirit found vent in the tears which coursed over cheeks chilled by sorrow, they yet beheld their treasure about to be for ever separated from them, with that resignation which piety inspires, while yielding to a sacrifice made to Heaven. The ceremony now began, the priest pronounced a discourse, and the other observances proceeded in the usual track.

At length the solemn moment approached which was to bind her vows to Heaven. She arose, and stood a few moments before the altar; when suddenly, yet with noiseless action, she sank extended on the marble floor, and instantly the long black pall was thrown over her. Every heart seemed to shudder, and a momentary pause ensued; when the deep silence was broken, by the low tones of the organ, accompanied by soft and beautiful female voices, singing the service of the dead (the requiem.) The sound gently swelled in the air, and as the harmonious volume became more powerful, the deep church bell at intervals sounded with a loud clamour, exciting a mixed feeling of agitation and grandeur.

Tears were the silent expression of the emotion which thrilled through every heart. This solemn music continued long, and still fell mournfully on the ear; and yet seraphic as in softened tones, and as it were receding in the distance, it gently sank into silence. The young novice was then raised, and advancing towards the priest, she bent down, kneeling at his feet, while he cut a lock of her hair, as a type of the ceremony that was to deprive her of this, to her no longer valued, ornament. Her attendant then despoiled her of the rich jewels with which she was adorned; her splendid upper vesture was thrown off, and replaced by a monastic garment; her long tresses bound up, her temples covered with fair linen; the white crown, emblem of innocence, fixed on her head, and the crucifix placed in her hands.

Then kneeling low once more before the altar, she uttered her last vow to Heaven; at which moment the organ and choristers burst forth in loud shouts of triumph, and in the same instant the cannon from St. Angelo gave notice that her solemn vows were registered.

The ceremony finished, she arose and attended in procession, proceeded towards a wide iron gate, dividing the church from the monastery, which, opening wide, displayed a small chapel beautifully illuminated; a thousand lights shed a brilliant lustre, whose lengthened gleams seemed sinking into darkness, as they shot through the long perspective of the distant aisle. In the fore ground, in a blazing focus of light, stood an altar, from which, in a divided line, the nuns of the community were seen, each holding a large, burning, wax taper. They seemed to be disposed in order of seniority, and the two youngest were still adorned with the white crown, as being in the first week of their novitiate.

Both seemed in early youth, and their cheeks, yet unpaled by monastic vigils, bloomed with a brightened tint, while their eyes sparkled, and a smile seemed struggling with the solemnity of the moment, in expression of their innocent delight in beholding the approach of her who had that day offered up her vows, and become one of the community.

The others stood in succession, with looks more subdued, pale, mild, collected, the head gently bending toward the earth in contemplation. The procession stopped at the threshold of the church, when the young nun was received and embraced by the Lady Abbess, who, leading her onwards, was followed in procession by the nuns, each bearing her lighted torch.

It might be the brilliant light shed on the surrounding objects, or the momentary charm lent by enthusiasm, that dangerous spirit of the mind deceiving the eye and the heart,

which gave to these fair beings a fascination more than real; but such were my feelings, so fixed my attention, that when their forms faded from my view, when the gate was closed, and I turned again towards the busy throng and crowded street, I felt a heaviness of heart, even to pain, weigh upon me.

The Public Journals.

BRITISH SURNAMES.

"EVERY man has a name; and every man, if his attention should happen to be turned in that direction, must feel some curiosity to know of what that name is significant, and how it originated." The rude aboriginal inhabitants of this country, our Celtic ancestors, no doubt distinguished each other by single appellations, as they were, in all probability, not sufficiently numerous to require more; some few of these remain, even now, in parts of the country where remains of the Celtic language may still be traced;—such as Cairn, signifying a sepulchral hill; Benn, a promontory; Gillies, a servant; Braithwaite, a steep inclosure; Glynn, a valley; Linn, a mountain stream; Callan, a boy; Doity, saucy, nice; Douce, sober, wise; Doylt, stupid; Eldritch, ghastly; Fell, keen, biting; Pen, successful, &c. &c.

The Romans, during their possession of Britain, with the proud feelings of conquerors, held themselves aloof from the inhabitants of the country, and consequently few of their names can be traced amongst us. We now and then meet with one, such as Felix, Marcus, Julius, Carus, Cæsar, and some few others; the last, Cæsar, was perhaps given in derision to some one possessed of the opposite qualities to his great namesake.

From the time when the Saxons were invited over and settled in this country, the subject of British surnames becomes curious and interesting. These people, who brought their names, language, habits, and institutions with them, obtained such complete possession of the island that, from the period of their arrival, all record of the original inhabitants vanishes from the page of history. Many of them were, no doubt, extirpated, and others so completely mixed up with the new occupiers of the land, as to become no longer distinguishable as a people. In proof of this, many of our surnames at the present time have a British or Celtic termination affixed to a Saxon name. Some few Danish names may also be traced, particularly along our eastern coasts, derived from the marauders of that nation during their occasional settlements in this country. It is astonishing that, after the complete conquest of the kingdom by the Normans in after times, so few purely Norman surnames should be found amongst us; and the universal prevalence of Saxon

appellations at the present day, proves how essentially the people remained the same under the sway of their foreign masters, and how little they assimilated with them. Indeed for a considerable period it appears that the names, language, and manners of the Normans spread only among the higher classes of society. Several celebrated linguists* have discovered a similarity between the Saxon, Danish, and Norman languages, the last having been, like the two others, originally of a Teutonic race, though assimilated, in later times, to the French, from the proximity of those who spoke it to their Gallic neighbours. "Our present list of English surnames, therefore, is principally Saxon or Teutonic, with some British, partly in a simple and partly in a compounded state, a few French and a few foreign names, imported by occasional settlers." By far the larger class of English surnames at this day is derived from the names of countries, towns, or residences; indeed the Saxons appear to have deduced most of theirs from this source; as York, Cheshire, Worth, Milton, Ireland, &c. Those of this kind may be distinguished by their various terminations, and a little attention will then demonstrate how very generally they prevail amongst us.

First are those ending in *ton*,—as Norton, the north town; Preston, the Sheriff town; Langton, the long town, &c. This is a family of a numerous progeny, and members of it will recur to the recollection of all of us. Those ending in *wich*, meaning a town at the mouth of a river, and sometimes only a town, we must suppose to be of near kin to the above,—as Sandwich, the town on the sand; Hardwich, the strong town; Nantwich, the town of the valley, &c. Then follow those who derive their names from villages, such as Winthorpe, the village of furze; Hillthorpe, the village of the hill; and all our other acquaintance terminating in *thorpe*. Claiming brotherhood with these are those, again, who write *ham*, signifying a hamlet, as the last syllable of their names; such as Pelham, Marham, Graham, Farnham, with hundreds of others.

Those names ending in *wood*,—as Hazelwood, the wood of hazles; Elmwood, the wood of elms, &c., and others terminating in *shaw*, meaning a small wood, as Fernshaw, the shaw of fern, &c.; with those taking *durf*, a thicket, as their last syllable, as Woodruff, Lendruff, &c., may be considered as forming one family of this class.

All such whose names terminate in *ing*, signifying a swampy bottom, may here claim a place; as Deeping, the deep *ing*; Wilding, the uncultivated *ing*, &c.; also those ending

* See the Paper on this subject read before the Literary and Philosophical Society of Liverpool, by Mr. Merritt, a gentleman to whom the writer of this owes considerable obligation for many excellent ideas on British surnames.

in *den*, *dale*, *don*, or *dell*, a small or deep valley; as Warden, Dovedale, Horndon, &c.

Those ending in *ley*, *lea*, or *ly*, a pasture, may next come forward and boast of Saxon origin, as Netherley, the lower field; Hanley, the field of the haven, &c.; as may also such as affix *holm* to any other syllable, as Burnholm, the hill of the river; Dunholm, the hill of the fortress, &c.

We may enumerate in this class, likewise, all names terminating in *hill*, as Churchill, Farnhill (sometimes written Farnell), &c.; such as end in *stead*, a home,—as Houghstead, Winstead, and others; also such as take for their last syllable *combe*, a valley; *garth*, an inclosed place; *wold*, a stony ridge; *cock*, a hillock; *coates*, a fold; *stow*, a place or seat; *graves*, a ward; *steth*, the bank of a river; *thwaite*, a pasture; *hurst*, a meadow; and many others which it would be tedious to enumerate. We must be content with having mentioned the principal of them.

The names of our nobility were mostly of this class in ancient times, and were purely Norman French, many of them being derived from districts or towns in Normandy or France; as Beaufort, Montague, Nugent, Russell, or Rousselle, &c. Camden, in his "Remains," says that there is scarcely a village in Normandy that has not given its name to some of our great families, which proves how terribly our poor country must have been inundated with foreigners after the Conquest, and how deplorably the inhabitants must have been stripped of their property to enrich the new-comers. Some of our nobility at the present day also derive their family names from foreign occupations or trades, as Molyneux, Grosvenor, &c. "Many of them, however, still bear Saxon names, which shows that, after the Conquest, some of the old families retained their dignity, and that some were ennobled.†

We will next take those names which are derived from the parent, and which were undoubtedly of very early adoption. Many of these were taken from "contractions, diminutives, or familiar appellatives of Christian names," as Wilson, Watson, Nelson, and a myriad of others. A great many were also taken from regular Christian names, as Johnson, Jacobson, Richardson, Williamson, &c. The Saxon epithet *kin* or *kina*, expressive of littleness or infancy, was also affixed to many Christian names, as Wilkins, little Will; Tomkins, little Tom; and this appellation was transmitted to the next generation as Wilkinson, the son of little Will; Tomkinson, the son of little Tom, &c. In Scotland, Ireland, and Wales, many families have Fitt, O, Mac, and Ap, affixed to their names, to express the same idea; as Fitzwilliam, the son of William; O'Dogherty, the son of Dogherty; Mac Donald, the son of Donald;

† See Mr. Merritt's Paper.

Ap Rin, contracted into Prin; Ap Howel, into Powel, &c. In many parts of England and Wales a distinction has been made between the names of the father and son by simply adding *s*, and sometimes *es*, to that of the former; as Evans, Roberts, Hughes, Williams, &c.

The third class of British surnames may be said to consist of those derived from trades or occupations, and in a country like this, it may be supposed that this tree spreads far and wide; as its branches may be considered all such appellatives as Smith, Baker, Brewer, Tailor. The more useful and common the calling expressed, the more ancient, in all probability, was its appropriation. Thus we may observe that the Fletchers, or makers of arrows; the Websters, the Weavers, the Masons, and some others, though common amongst us, are not of such constant occurrence as those of the more simple trades.

It is a remarkable fact, but a fact nevertheless, that the names of arts or trades introduced in later times have not been adopted as family appellatives; we never hear of Mr. Jeweller, Mr. Engraver, Mr. Architect, &c. "It has also been remarked that though we have Clerk and Leech to designate two of the learned professions, we have none to express lawyer. But the word Clerk was abundantly employed, especially in the north, to express lawyer as well as priest, and this may account for the extreme frequency of this surname."

We will next consider those names given to their owners originally for some quality or supposed attribute; a feeling of respect seems sometimes to have dictated these, as bestowing a merited distinction; such are those of Bright, Good, Wise, Fair, Hardy, Worthy, and many more. Sometimes derision appears to have pointed her finger at certain individuals by attaching to them such appellations as Cruickshanks, Longbottom, Clodpole, &c. Others seem to indicate a certain disposition of mind or character; as Gotobed (a desirable name to be called by at the close of a dull November day,) Younghusband, Wellbeloved, Scattergood, Goodenough, Cleverley, and some other odd compounds, that cause us to smile when they occur in the daily intercourse of life. Dr. Murray, who has gone deeper into the subject of proper names than most other writers, decidedly thinks that those of this class are more ancient than any other, as the evident qualities of mind or body would furnish the first distinctive epithets among all early tribes or nations. The veil of mystery hangs over the origin of all things; but certainly, a controversy on the antiquity of English proper names would be most amusing, and would besides possess the valuable property of lasting out the lives of the controversialists, and of leaving each party crowned with the wreath of conquest, in his own esti-

mation, at the close, for who could decide between them, or say to whom the victory belonged?

The fifth class of surnames is derived from natural objects or productions, chiefly animals, fruit, vegetables, flowers, &c. These were doubtless originally conferred from some supposed analogy between the individual and the object which supplied the designation; and if this be admitted, we must suppose that the first possessors of the names of Lion, Panther, Bull, and Bear, would be avoided for their ferocity; while we must confess that with the original family of the Sharks, (now mostly written Stark,) we would rather have left a P.P.G. card than have sent one of invitation. Then what opinion must be formed of the first Lisards, Foxes, Weasles, Badgers, Tadpoles, and Cats? The primitive Lambs, Hares, Coney, Harts, Partridges, Doves, Goldfinches, Pointers, and Beagles, were, on the contrary, no doubt distinguished for their gentleness and other agreeable or serviceable qualities. All social intercourse with the first Snows and Frosts we must imagine to have been of a most repelling nature: while that with the original Springs, Summerfields, Honeycombs, and Goodales, must have been equally agreeable and inviting. The name of Rose, now so common, we can only imagine to have been first bestowed on some fair maiden of surpassing beauty; and our ancestors were surely too gallant to attach such appellations as those of Lily, Hyacinth, Primrose, Hawthorn, or Roseberry, to any other but the fair sex. For the same reason we may conjecture that the first Peaches, Melons, Pines, Gages, and Plumtrees were females. The names of Hawk, Leopard, and some others, inspire us with no agreeable ideas of their original possessors; while we naturally suppose pettness or insignificance to have marked the first Sparrows, Starlings, Flounders, Whittings, and Smelts.

There are some English surnames that cannot be comprised in either of the above classes. These are mostly monosyllabic, of which it is difficult to trace the etymology, partly from the change which orthography has undergone since the days of early civilization, and partly from the words having become so obsolete as to elude the efforts of the most industrious research. If they could be successfully investigated, it is generally supposed that they could be referred to one of the five classes enumerated in this paper.

Names derived from dignified titles, such as King, Prince, Duke, Bishop, Earl, &c., have been the subject of some contention. Camden thinks that many names of this kind were taken from the device in the armorial bearings of particular families, and were borne by their servants and dependents; and this seems probable, for it is not likely that dignitaries themselves would be thus

called, as they were always distinguished by their proper titles. They might sometimes, however, have been given in derision to individuals who were ostentatious or assuming.

On taking promiscuously a hundred names from a General Directory, Mr. Merritt found the proportion of the different classes to be as follows:—

Names of countries, towns, or villages	48
Attributes, qualities, or nicknames	19
Trades or professions	14
Patronymics	9
Natural objects or productions	7
Not comprised in any of the above	3

100

No trace can be found in this country of the time when the appropriation of surnames ceased, or went out of fashion. Those who have given most attention to the subject, think the practice has not existed, except in a few instances, for the last two or three centuries; and it is the opinion of some, that from the great increase of population it will be found necessary, ere long, in order to avoid confusion, to revive the custom; to issue a new coinage, and by giving individuals bearing the commonest names, the privilege of assuming others on their marriage, to ensure to posterity more distinctive appellations than those enjoyed by the families of the present day.—*United Service Journal: (abridged.)*

SEASONABLE DITTY.

BY THOMAS HAYNES BAYLEY.

Don't talk of September!

Don't talk of September!—a lady
Must think it of all months the worst;
The men are preparing already
To take themselves off on the first:
I try to arrange a small party,
The girls dance together,—how tame!
I'd get up my game of cards,
But they go to bring down their game!

Last month, their attention to quaken,
A supper I knew was the thing;
But now from my turkey and chicken
They're tempted by birds on the wing!
They shoulder their terrible rifles,
(It's really too much for my nerves!)
And slighting my sweets and my trifles,
Prefer my Lord Harry's preserves!

Miss Lovemore, with great consternation,
Now hears of the horrible plan,
And fears that her little flirtation
Was only a flash in the pan!
Oh! marriage is hard of digestion,
The men are all sparing of words;
And now 'stead of popping the question,
They set off to pop at the birds.

Go, false ones, your aim is so horrid,
That lew at the sight of you die:
You care not for locks on the forehead,—
The locks made by MANTON you prize!
All thoughts sentimental exploding,
Like flints I behold you depart:
You heed not, when priming and loading,
The load you have left on my heart.

They talk about patent percussiones,
And all preparations for sport;
And these double barrel discussions
Exhaust double bottles of port!

The dearest is deaf to my summons

As off on his pony he goes;

A doleful condition is woman's;

The men are all gone to the dogs!

—*New Monthly Magazine.*

THE WHIP SNAKE.

(From Tom Cringle's Log.)

As the wind was veering about rather capriciously, I was casting my eye anxiously along the warp, to see how it bore the strain, when, to my surprise, it appeared to my eye to thicken at the end next the tree, and presently something like a screw, about a foot long, that occasionally shone like glass in the moonlight, began to move along the taught line, with a spiral motion. All this time one of the boys was fast asleep, resting on his folded arms on the gunwale, his head having dropped down on the stem of the boat. But one of the Spanish boatmen in the canoe that was anchored close to us, seeing me gazing at something, had cast his eyes in the same direction. The instant he caught the object, he thumped with his palms on the side of the canoe, exclaiming, in a loud, alarmed tone, "*culebra! culebra!*"—"a snake! a snake!"—on which the reptile made a sudden and rapid slide down the line towards the bow of the boat, where the poor lad was resting his head, and immediately afterwards dropped into the sea.

The sailor rose and walked aft, as if nothing had happened, amongst his messmates, who had been alarmed by the cries of the Spanish canoe man; and I was thinking little of the matter, when I heard some anxious whispering amongst them.

"Fred," said one of the men, "what is wrong, that you breathe so hard?"

"Why, boy, what ails you?" said another. "Something has stung me," at length said the poor little fellow, speaking thick, as if he had laboured under sore throat. The truth flashed on me—a candle was lit—and, on looking at him, he appeared stunned, complained of cold, and suddenly assumed a wild, startled look.

He evinced great anxiety and restlessness, accompanied by a sudden and severe prostration of strength—still continuing to complain of great and increasing cold and chilliness, but he did not shiver. As yet no part of his body was swollen, except very slightly about the wound;—however, there was a rapidly increasing rigidity of the muscles of the neck and throat, and within half an hour after he was bit, he was utterly unable to swallow even liquids. The small whip-snake, the most deadly asp in the whole list of noxious reptiles, peculiar to South America, was not above fourteen inches long: it had made four small punctures with its fangs right over the left jugular vein, about an inch below the chin. There was no blood oozing from them; but a circle, about the size of a crown-

piece, of dark-red, surrounded them, which gradually melted into blue at the outer rim, which again became fainter, until it disappeared in the natural colour of the skin. By the advice of the Spanish boatman, we applied an embrocation of the leaves of the *palm Christi*, or castor oil nut, as hot as the lad could bear it; but we had neither oil nor hot milk to give internally, both of which they informed us often proved specifics. Rather than lie at anchor, until morning, under these melancholy circumstances, I shoved out into the rough water, but we made little of it, and when the day broke, I saw that the poor fellow's fate was sealed: his voice had become inarticulate; the coldness had increased; all motion in the extremities had ceased, the legs and arms became quite stiff, the respiration slow and difficult, as if the blood had coagulated, and could no longer circulate through the heart, or as if, from some unaccountable effect of the poison on the nerves, the action of the former had been impeded;—still the poor little fellow was perfectly sensible, and his eye bright and restless. His breathing became still more interrupted—he could no longer be said to breathe, but gasped—and in half an hour, like a steam-engine when the fire is withdrawn, the strokes or contractions and expansions of his heart became slower and slower, until they ceased altogether.

From the very moment of his death, the body began rapidly to swell and become discoloured—the face and neck, especially, were nearly as black as ink, within half an hour of it, when blood began to flow from the mouth, and other symptoms of rapid decomposition succeeded each other so fast, that by nine in the morning we had to sew him up in a boatmail, with a large stone, and launch the body into the sea.

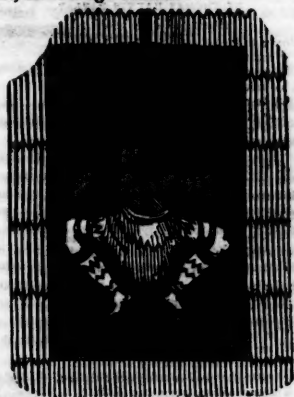
Manners and Customs.

INDIAN TRAITS.

We resume our illustrated extracts from these entertaining volumes, introduced to the reader at page 119.

In the chapter on Religion are some curious particulars of the Idols:—"The ancient Virginians had an *idol* set up in every town, regarded as sacred, and kept in a house erected and taken care of by the priests for the purpose. This represented, not the Supreme Good Spirit,—in whom however these tribes fully believed,—but usually the evil one, whose favour they thought it more necessary to propitiate by adoration and sacrifices on account of his supposed malignity. In other cases it was considered simply the Guardian or Tutelar Spirit of the tribe or town. These buildings were commonly by the priests kept closed, and barred up very strongly, to prevent the intrusion of the whites,

as well as of the generality of the Indians themselves. The only instance in which an Englishman is known to have seen the inside of one of them, is related by the historian Boverly as having happened to himself and a party of his friends, who were one day ranging the woods round about an Indian village, when the inhabitants were mostly absent from the place. Finding themselves masters of so fair an opportunity, and resolved to make good use of it, they proceeded to search the woods far and wide for the 'Quicacason.' Having found it, they removed more than a dozen large logs with which the entrance was barricaded, and went in. At first nothing could be seen but naked walls, with a wide fire-place in the centre of the floor, and a hole in the middle of the roof as a vent for the smoke. The building was about eighteen feet wide, and thirty long, built like a common Virginian cabin, but larger. Some posts were before long discovered, set up round the walls, with faces carved on them and painted,—no doubt used in religious dances. In the third mat they found the various limbs of an image,—including a board three and a half feet long, with an indenture at the upper end, like a fork, to fasten the head upon,—half-hoops, nailed to the edges, to assist in stuffing out the body,—pieces of cloth, rolls made up for arms and legs, and various other matters of the kind. The whole, being put together, made a figure like this:—



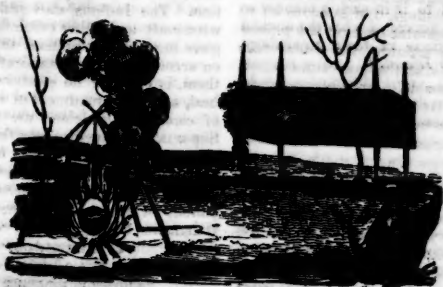
(Idol.)

"The imposing aspect of this image, whenever it was set up, seems to have been much heightened by the artful management of the priest, in casting light, or rather darkness, upon it, by aid of the mat curtains,—so that it glared out upon the gazing multitude, a grim and ghastly spectre. The spectators were kept at a distance sufficient to prevent a narrow inspection; and a conjurer might

easily lend his ingenuity to complete the imposition, by concealing himself in the dark cavity behind, and there moving the machinery of the image. Idols of this description are not used in modern times. Images, a few inches in length, are frequently carried by hunters, and others, as a medicine."

From the chapter on Funeral Ceremonies is the following:—"The dead, when inclosed in a grave, are generally buried in a sitting posture, and in this situation the remains of those apparently deceased a century ago, are now and then found, at the present day, along the Atlantic coast. In many cases the grave was lined with stout birch-bark, or fortified with a wooden framework within, so as to serve the purpose of a coffin. If persons die on a hunting-excursion, remote from home, their remains are preserved by burning or

otherwise, to be borne back to their own land. Frequently, in cases of this kind,—and among some Northern tribes regularly in all cases,—a scaffold, such as the adjoining sketch represents, is erected, to be the temporary resting-place; and this is perhaps ornamented with the verdure of a growing wild vine, carefully planted for the purpose. One object of this practice is to protect the dead from wolves and other wild animals. Another, as the Indians themselves sometimes say, is to keep the remains of their friends, as a consolation, within sight of the survivors. The Chippewas have, in some sections, a practice of placing a fire on the grave, for several nights after the interment of a person. This is lit in the evening, (commonly by a near relative), and supplied with sticks of dry wood, to keep up a small



(Funeral Ceremonies.)

but lively blaze for several hours. It is renewed four successive nights, and sometimes longer.

"Among the Chippewas, when an infant dies, the mother carries about with her, for some months, an image of wood in the same cradle or frame. The widow has a more singular practice of making up a roll of her best apparel, wrapped in a piece of cloth and with the ornaments of the husband attached to it. This she carries constantly with her as a badge of her widowhood, until the relatives of the husband choose to call upon her and take it away, when she is at liberty to marry again."

From one of the chapters on hunting:

"The common way of killing the buffaloes is to attack them on horseback. The Indians, mounted, and well armed with bows and arrows, encircle the herd, and gradually drive them into a situation favourable to the employment of the horse. They then ride in and single out one, generally a female, and following her as closely as possible, wound her with arrows until the mortal blow is given, when they go in pursuit of others until their quivers are exhausted."



(Buffalo Hunting.)

From the chapter of amusements is the following description of "a large pipe commonly called by the whites the 'Pipe of Peace,' or the *Cutmet*, which has always been a favourite article in the negotiation of treaties, and the entertainment of travellers. The meaning was the same in all cases. It was an exchange and pledge of faith between those parties who joined in smoking. When, for example, a party of strangers came into an Indian village, the pipe of peace was brought out, filled with tobacco, and lit in

the presence of the strangers. The principal man in the village then took two or three whiffs, and handed it to the chief of the strangers. If the latter refused to smoke, it was regarded as a sign of hostility. If he wished, however, to be considered an ally or friend, he took a whiff or two, and then presented it to the person who appeared to be the second great man of the village. And thus it was passed to and fro, until most of the people of note on both sides had smoked more or less. In all parts of the country the calumet was made larger and much handsomer than the ordinary pipe. The head or bowl, made of stone, was finely polished; and the quill or tube, in length about two and a half feet, was made of a pretty strong reed or cane. It was adorned with feathers of various brilliant colours, interlaced with locks of female hair; and sometimes two wings of a rare bird attached to it in such a manner as to give it the appearance of what the ancient Greeks and Romans in their mythology, called *'Mercury's Wand.'*"



(Pipes.)

"The French traveller, La Hontan, gives a very similar description of the calumet which he saw used among several of the Canadian tribes, with a draught of the instrument.

"Beverly, who wrote the History of Virginia about a century since, has also a draught of the twisted calumet of that part of the country. The remotest Western tribes use one of which the handle is a yard long. McKenzie, speaking of the Knistenaux, says, that smoking-rites of some kind precede, among that people, every matter of great importance. Whatever contract is entered into and solemnized by the ceremony of smoking, it never fails of being faithfully fulfilled. If a person, previous to his going a journey, leaves the sacred stem as a pledge of his return, no consideration whatever will prevent him from executing his engagement."

Anecdotes of Indian jugglers furnish an amusing chapter:—"There are two classes of Indian jugglers; first, those who confine themselves to the practice of medicine; and secondly, those who undertake the exercise of similar imposition for the pretended accomplishment of some other object."

An essential part of the Indian Medical "Art," will be found to consist in a variety of "fantastic ceremonies and stratagems; intended

generally as an ingenious mode of cheating the unlucky patient out of his property in the



(Indian Juggler.)

way of fees, though no doubt sometimes meant, and even well adapted, to benefit his health by favourably affecting his imagination. The Indians universally believing in witchcraft and other evil influence, the jugglers have only to pretend that the disorder on account of which application is made to them, is one that no common medicine will heal, and to the treatment of which the talents of common physicians are not competent. Supernatural remedies, say they, must be applied, to defeat the designs of the malicious enemy who has taken possession of the body of the sick man. Having persuaded his feeble patient of the truth of these preposterous statements, the juggler next convinces him of the necessity of making him "very strong,"—that is, giving him a large fee in advance for his great trouble and immense skill. Of course, the juggler very rarely fails, when applied to, in the first instance, to represent the disorder as one of the witchcraft kind. He receives his fee—a rifle, perhaps, or a good horse—and is then ready to commence operations. Attired in a frightful dress, he approaches his patient, with a variety of contortions and gestures, and performs by his side and over him all the antic tricks that his imagination can suggest. He breathes on him, blows in his mouth, and squirts some medicines which he has prepared, in his face, mouth and nose; he rattles his gourd filled with dry beans or pebbles, and pulls out and handles about a variety of sticks and bundles, in which he appears to be seeking for the proper remedy. All this is accompanied with the most horrid gesticulations, by which he endeavours, as he says, to frighten the spirit or the disorder away; and he continues in this manner until he is quite exhausted and out of breath, when he retires to await the issue. This description, applied by Heckewelder to the Delaware jugglers, holds true of the same class, under various names, throughout the continent.

"The juggler's dress is not always so unassuming as that of the Virginian is represented by Beverly in the Cut. They frequently make themselves as hideous as possible."

The Naturalist.



THE CLOVE.

THE clove is the unexpanded flower-bud of an East Indian tree, somewhat resembling the laurel in its height, and the shape of its leaves, which are in pairs, oblong, large, spear-shaped, and of a bright green colour. The flowers grow in clusters, which terminate the branches, and have the calyx divided into four small and pointed segments. The petals are small, rounded, and of a bluish colour.

The culture of the clove-tree was formerly a very important labour of the Dutch colonists in the Molucca or Spice islands; and it has even been asserted, that, in order to monopolize the trade in cloves, the Dutch destroyed all the trees growing in other islands, and confined the propagation of them to that of Ternate. But, in 1770 and 1772, both clove and nutmeg-trees were transplanted from the Moluccas into the islands of France and Bourbon, and subsequently into some of the colonies in South America.

At a certain season of the year, the clove-tree produces a great profusion of flowers. When these have attained the length of about half an inch, the four points of the calyx being prominent, and having, in the middle of them, the leaves of the petals folded over each other, and forming a small head about the size of a pea, they are fit to be gathered. This operation is performed between the months of October and February, partly by the hand, partly by hooks, and partly by beating the trees with bamboos. The cloves are either received on cloths spread beneath the trees, or are suffered to fall on the ground, the herbage having been previously cut and swept. They are subsequently dried by exposure to the smoke of

wood fires, afterwards to the rays of the sun. When first gathered, they are of a reddish colour, but by drying they assume a deep brown cast. When fresh gathered, cloves will yield, on pressure, a fragrant, thick, and reddish oil; and by distillation, a limpid, essential oil; the latter being that common in the shops of druggists. The use of cloves in domestic economy is too well-known to need description.

The clove pink, gilliflowers, or July flower is of the same genus of plants with the spice clove, which it resembles in its pleasant aromatic smell. These flowers were used by our forefathers in the form of syrup, and as a pleasant vehicle for other medicines.

Notes of a Reader.

EXECUTION OF LORD FERRERS, IN 1760.

[In the third volume of the recently published Correspondence of Horace Walpole, we find a long letter occupied by a narrative of this memorable scene, or we should say, event; for, happily, such occurrences are but rare in the history of crime. We abridge the paper, by omitting a few unimportant passages.]

What will your Italians say to a Peer of England, an earl of one of the best families, tried, for murdering his servant, with the utmost dignity and solemnity, and then hanged at the common place of execution for highwaymen, and afterwards anatomised? This must seem a little odd to them, especially as they have not lately had a Sixtus Quintus. I have hitherto spoken of Lord Ferrers to you as a wild beast, a mad assassin, a low wretch, about whom I had no curiosity. His misfortunes, as he called them, were dated from his marriage, though he has been guilty of horrid excesses unconnected with matrimony, and is even believed to have killed a groom who died a year after receiving a cruel beating from him. His wife, a very pretty woman, was sister of Sir William Meredith,* had no fortune, and he says, trepanned him into marriage, having met him drunk at an assembly in the country, and kept him so till the ceremony was over. — As he always kept himself so afterwards, one need not impute it to her. In every other respect, and one scarce knows how to blame her for wishing to be a countess, her behaviour was unexceptionable.† He used his wife to ill, always carrying pistols to bed, and threatening to kill her before morning.

* Sir William Meredith, Bart. of Hanbury, in Cheshire. The title is now extinct. — D. (the late Lord Dover).

† She afterwards married Lord Frederick Campbell, brother of the Duke of Argyll, and was an excellent woman. (She was unfortunately burned to death at Lord Frederick's seat, Cambo Bank, in Kent. — D.)

beating her, and jealous without provocation, that she got separated from him by act of parliament, which appointed receivers of his estate in order to secure her allowance. This he could not bear. However, he named his steward for one, but afterwards finding out that this Johnson had paid her fifty pounds without his knowledge, and suspecting him of being in the confederacy against him, he determined, when he failed of opportunities of murdering his wife, to kill the steward, which he effected. Having shot the steward at three in the afternoon, he persecuted him till one in the morning, threatening again to murder him, attempting to tear off his bandages, and terrifying him till in that misery he was glad to obtain leave to be removed to his own house; and when the earl heard the poor creature was dead, he said he gloried in having killed him. You cannot conceive the shock this evidence gave the court—many of the lords were standing to look at him—at once they turned from him with detestation. The very night he received sentence, he played at piquet with the wardours and would play for money, and would have continued to play every evening, but they refused. Lord Cornwallis, governor of the Tower, shortened his allowance of wine after his conviction, agreeably to the late strict acts on murder. This he much disliked, and at last pressed his brother, the clergyman, to intercede that at least he might have more porter; for, said he, what I have is not a draught. His brother represented against it, but at last consenting (and he did obtain it)—then said the earl, “now is as good a time as any to take leave of you—adieu!” A minute journal of his whole behaviour has been kept, to see if there was any madness in it. Dr. Munro, since the trial, has made an affidavit of his lunacy. The Washingtons were certainly a very frantic race, and I have no doubt of madness in him, but not of a pardonable sort. Two petitions from his mother and all his family were presented to the King, who said, as the House of Lords had unanimously found him guilty, he would not interfere. Last week my Lord Keeper very goodnaturedly got out of a gouty bed to present another: the King would not hear him. “Sir,” said the Keeper, “I don’t come to petition for mercy or respite; but that the 4,000*l.* which Lord Ferrers has in India bonds, may be permitted to go according to his disposition of it, to his mistress, children, and the family of the murdered man.” “With all my heart,” said the King, “I have no objection; but I will have no message carried to him from me.” However, this grace was notified to him and gave him great satisfaction; but unfortunately it now appears to be law that it is forfeited to the sheriff of the county where the fact was committed; though when my Lord Harwicke

was told that he had disposed of it, he said to be sure he may before conviction.

Dr. Pearce, Bishop of Rochester,* offered his service to him: he thanked the Bishop but said, as his own brother was a clergyman, he chose to have him.

On the last morning he dressed himself in his wedding-clothes, and said, he thought this, at least, as good an occasion of putting them on as that for which they were first made. He wore them to Tyburn. This marked the strong impression on his mind. His mother wrote to his wife in a weak, angry style, telling her to intercede for him as her duty, and to swear to his madness. But this was not so easy: in all her cause before the Lords, she had persisted that he was not mad.

His courage rose where it was most likely to fail,—an unlucky circumstance to prophets, especially when they have had the prudence to have all kind of probability on their side. Even an awful procession of above two hours, with that mixture of pageantry, shame, and ignominy, nay, and of delay, could not dismount his resolution. He set out from the Tower at nine, amidst crowds, thousands. First went a string of constables; then one of the sheriffs, in his chariot and six, the horses dressed with ribands; next Lord Ferrers, in his own landau and six, his coachman crying all the way; guards at each side; the other sheriff’s chariot followed empty, with a mourning coach-and-six, a hearse, and the Horse Guards. Observe, that the empty chariot was that of the other sheriff, who was in the coach with the prisoner, and who was Vaillant, the French bookseller in the Strand. How will you decipher all these strange circumstances to Florentines? A bookseller in robes and in mourning, sitting as a magistrate by the side of the earl; and in the evening, everybody going to Vaillant’s shop to hear the particulars. Lord Ferrers at first talked on indifferent matters, and observing the prodigious confluence of people, (the blind was drawn up on his side,) he said,—“But they never saw a lord hanged, and perhaps will never see another.” One of the dragoons was thrown by his horse’s leg entangling in the hind wheel: Lord Ferrers expressed much concern, and said, “I hope there will be no death to-day but mine,” and was pleased when Vaillant told him the man was not hurt. Vaillant made excuses to him on his office. “On the contrary,” said the earl, “I am much obliged to

* Zachariah Pearce, translated from the See of Bangor in 1756. He was an excellent man, and later in life, in the year 1768, finding himself growing infirm, he presented to the world the rare instance of disinterestedness, of wishing to resign all his pious preferment. These consisted of the Deanery of Westminster and Bishoprick of Rochester. The Deanery he gave up, but was not allowed to do so by the Bishoprick, which was said, as a pittance, to be inalienable.—D.

you.
duty
sheriff
yourse
ratus
The
wards,
began
receiv
lain p
his lo
ledgme
nant t
him t
done i
“He
do wit
discou
he to
agree
short;
me, n
before
ed, an
expect
plied,
I to do
a forfe
proper
what t
since y
confess
is a Go
better
Lord
his not
the sa
sensibly
more a
senting
from on
require
the scal
repeat
replied,
you ma
“Whi
process
earl sai
wine an
sorry to
regulat
prison
ment to
cies ha
lower
“And
think
order o
ship’s
I am su
ship is
we mus
fluence
the exp

you. I feared the disagreeableness of the duty might make you depute your undersheriff. As you are so good as to execute it yourself, I am persuaded the dreadful apparatus will be conducted with more expedition." The Chaplain of the Tower, who sat backwards, then thought it his turn to speak, and began to talk on religion; but Lord Ferrers received it impatiently. However, the Chaplain persevered, and said, he wished to bring his lordship to some confession or acknowledgment of contrition for a crime so repugnant to the laws of God and man, and wished him to endeavour to do whatever could be done in so short a time. The earl replied, "He had done every thing he proposed to do with regard to God and man; and as to discourses on religion, you and I, sir," said he to the clergyman, "shall probably not agree on that subject. The passage is very short; you will not have time to convince me, nor I to refute you; it cannot be ended before we arrive." The clergyman still insisted, and urged, that, at least, the world would expect some satisfaction. Lord Ferrers replied, with some impatience, "Sir, what have I to do with the world? I am going to pay a forfeit life, which my country has thought proper to take from me—what do I care now what the world thinks of me? But, sir, since you do desire some confession, I will confess one thing to you; I do believe there is a God. As to modes of worship, we had better not talk on them. I always thought Lord Bolingbroke in the wrong to publish his notions on religion: I will not fall into the same error." The Chaplain, seeing sensibly that it was in vain to make any more attempts, contented himself with representing to him, that it would be expected from one of his calling, and that even decency required, that some prayer should be used on the scaffold, and asked his leave, at least to repeat the Lord's prayer there. Lord Ferrers replied, "I always thought it a good prayer; you may use it if you please."

While these discourses were passing, the procession was stopped by the crowd. The earl said he was dry, and wished for some wine and water. The Sheriff said, he was sorry to be obliged to refuse him. By late regulations they were enjoined not to let prisoners drink from the place of imprisonment to that of execution, as great indecencies had been formerly committed by the lower species of criminals getting drunk; "And though," said he, "my lord, I might think myself excusable in overlooking this order out of regard to a person of your lordship's rank, yet there is another reason which, I am sure, will weigh with you:—your lordship is sensible of the greatness of the crowd; we must draw up to some tavern; the consequence would be so great, that it would delay the expedition which your lordship seems so

much to desire." He replied, he was satisfied, adding,—“Then I must be content with this,” and took some pigtail tobacco out of his pocket. As they went on, a letter was thrown into his coach; it was from his mistress, to tell him, it was impossible, from the crowd, for her to get up to the spot where he had appointed her to meet and take leave of him, but that she was in a hackney-coach of such a number. He begged Vaillant to order his officers to try to get the hackney-coach up to him. “My Lord,” said Vaillant, “you have behaved so well hitherto, that I think it is pity to venture unmanning yourself.” He was struck, and was satisfied without seeing her. As they drew nigh, he said, “I perceive we are almost arrived; it is time to do what little more I have to do;” and then taking out his watch, gave it to Vaillant, desiring him to accept it as a mark of his gratitude for his kind behaviour, adding, “It is scarce worth your acceptance; but I have nothing else; it is a stop-watch, and a pretty accurate one.” He gave five guineas to the Chaplain, and took out as much for the executioner. Then giving Vaillant a pocket-book, he begged him to deliver it to Mrs. Clifford, his mistress, with what it contained, and with his most tender regards, saying, “The key of it is to the watch, but I am persuaded you are too much a gentleman to open it.” He destined the remainder of the money in his purse to the same person, and with the same tender regards.

When they came to Tyburn, his coach was detained some minutes by the conflux of people; but as soon as the door was opened, he stepped out readily and mounted the scaffold; it was hung with black, by the undertaker, and at the expense of his family. Under the gallows was a new invented stage, to be struck from under him. He showed no kind of fear or discomposure, only just looking at the gallows with a slight motion of dissatisfaction. He said little, kneeled for a moment to the prayer, said, “Lord have mercy upon me, and forgive me my errors,” and immediately mounted the upper stage. He had come pinioned with a black sash, and was unwilling to have his hands tied, or his face covered, but was persuaded to both. When the rope was put round his neck, he turned pale, but recovered his countenance instantly, and was but seven minutes from leaving the coach, to the signal given for striking the stage. As the machine was new, they were not ready at it: his toes touched it, and he suffered a little, having had time, by their bungling, to raise his cap; but the executioner pulled it down again, and they pulled his legs, so that he was soon out of pain, and quite dead in four minutes. He desired not to be stripped and exposed, and Vaillant promised him, though his clothes

must be taken off, that his shirt should not. This decency ended with him: the sheriffs fell to eating and drinking on the scaffold, and helped up one of their friends to drink with them, as he was still hanging; which he did for above an hour, and then was conveyed back with the same pomp to Surgeons' Hall, to be dissected. The executioners fought for the rope, and the one who lost it cried. The mob tore off the black cloth as relics; but the universal crowd behaved with great decency and admiration, as they well might, for sure no exit was ever made with more sensible resolution and with less ostentation.

[In the next letter, Walpole says:]

That wonderful creature, Lord Ferrers, of whom I told you so much in my last, and with whom I am not going to plague you much more, made one of his keepers read Hamlet to him the night before his death after he was in bed—paid all his bills in the morning as if leaving an inn, and half an hour before the Sheriff's fetched him, corrected some verses he had written in the Tower in imitation of the Duke of Buckingham's Epitaph, *dubius sed non improbus viri*. What a noble author have I here to add to my catalogue!

SHAPE OF THE EARTH ILLUSTRATED.

We have likened the inequalities on the earth's surface, arising from mountains, valleys, buildings, &c. to the roughness on the rind of an orange, compared with its general mass. The comparison is quite free from exaggeration. The highest mountain known does not exceed five miles in perpendicular elevation: this is only one 1,600th part of the earth's diameter; consequently, on a globe of sixteen inches in diameter, such a mountain would be represented by a protuberance of not more than one hundredth part of an inch, which is about the thickness of ordinary drawing-paper. Now as there is no entire continent, or even any very extensive tract of land, known, whose general elevation above the sea is anything like half this quantity, it follows, that if we would construct a correct model of our earth, with its seas, continents, and mountains, on a globe sixteen inches in diameter, the whole of the land, with the exception of a few prominent points and ridges, must be comprised on it within the thickness of thin writing paper; and the highest hill would be represented by the smallest visible grains of sand.—*Sir J. Herschel, on Astronomy.*

APPEARANCE OF THE EARTH FROM THE MOON.

If there be inhabitants in the moon, the earth must present to them the extraordinary appearance of a moon of nearly 2° in diameter, exhibiting the same phases as we see the moon

to do, but *immensely fixed in their sky*, (or, at least, changing its apparent place only by the small amount of the libration,) while the stars must seem to pass slowly beside and behind it. It will appear clouded with variable spots, and belted with equatorial and tropical zones corresponding to our trade-winds; and it may be doubted whether, in their perpetual change, the outlines of our continents and seas can ever be clearly discerned.—*Ibid.*

INUNDATION OF THE VAL DE BAGNES.

[MR. BROCKEDON, in his *Excursions in the Alps*, lately published, relates the following interesting particulars of this catastrophe:]

Around St. Branchier we saw the fearful effects of the great inundation of the Valley of Bagnes in 1818. The height which the torrent attained is seen in the desolation it has left; vast blocks of stone, which were driven and deposited there by the force of the waters, now strew the valley; and sand and pebbles present an arid surface, where rich pastures were seen before the catastrophe. The quantity and violence of the water suddenly disengaged, and the velocity of its descent, presented a force which the mind may calculate, but cannot conceive.

In the accounts which have been given of this event, the object of the writers has been merely to describe the catastrophe, and the extent of its injuries; but in reading the account of M. Escher de Lenth, published in the *Bib. Univ. de Genève, Sci. et Arts*, tom. viii. p. 291, I was most forcibly struck with the unparalleled heroism of the brave men who endeavoured to avert the evil, by opening a channel for the waters, which had, by their accumulation, become a source of terror to the inhabitants of these valleys.

In the spring of 1818, the people of the Valley of Bagnes became alarmed on observing the low state of the waters of the Drance, at a season when the melting of the snows usually enlarged the torrent; and this alarm was increased by the records of similar appearances before the dreadful inundation of 1595, which was then occasioned by the accumulation of the waters behind the débris of a glacier that formed a dam, which remained until the pressure of the water burst the dike, and it rushed through the valley leaving desolation in its course.

In April 1818, some persons went up the valley to ascertain the cause of the deficiency of water, and they discovered that vast masses of the glaciers of Getros, and avalanches of snow, had fallen into a narrow part of the valley, between Mont Fleureur and Mont Mauroisin, and formed a dike of ice and snow 600 feet wide and 400 feet high, on a base of 3,000 feet, behind which the waters of the Drance had accumulated, and formed

a lake above 7,000 feet long. M. Venetz, the engineer of the Valais, was consulted, and he immediately decided upon cutting a gallery through this barrier of ice, 60 feet above the level of the water at the time of commencing, and where the dike was 600 feet thick. He calculated upon making a tunnel through this mass before the water should have risen 60 feet higher in the lake. On the 10th of May, the work was begun by gangs of 50 men, who relieved each other, and worked, without intermission, day and night, with inconceivable courage and perseverance, neither deterred by the daily occurring danger from the falling of fresh masses of the glacier, nor by the rapid increase of the water in the lake, which rose 62 feet in 34 days—on an average, nearly two feet each day; but it once rose five feet in one day, and threatened each moment to burst the dike by its increasing pressure; or, rising in a more rapid proportion than the men could proceed with their work, render their efforts abortive, by rising above them. Sometimes dreadful noises were heard, as the pressure of the water detached masses of ice from the bottom, which floating, presented so much of their bulk above the water, as led to the belief that some of them were seventy feet thick. The men persevered in their fearful duty without any serious accident; and though suffering severely from cold and wet, and surrounded by dangers which cannot be justly described, by the 4th of June they had accomplished an opening 640 feet long; but having begun their work on both sides of the dike at the same time, the place where they ought to have met was 20 feet lower on the side of the lake than on the other: it was fortunate that latterly the increase of perpendicular height of the water was less, owing to the extension of its surface. They proceeded to level the highest side of the tunnel, and completed it just before the water reached them. On the evening of the 13th the water began to flow. At first, the opening was not large enough to carry off the supplies of water which the lake received, and it rose two feet above the tunnel; but this soon enlarged from the action of the water, as it melted the floor of the gallery, and the torrent rushed through. In thirty-two hours the lake sunk ten feet, and during the following twenty-four hours twenty feet more: in a few days it would have been emptied; for the floor melting, and being driven off as the water escaped, kept itself below the level of the water within; but the cataract which issued from the gallery melted, and broke up also a large portion of the base of the dike, which had served as its buttress; its resistance decreased faster than the pressure of the lake lessened, and at four o'clock in the afternoon of the 16th of June the dike burst, and in half an hour the water escaped

through the breach, and left the lake empty.

The greatest accumulation of water had been 800,000,000 of cubic feet; the tunnel, before the disruption, had carried off nearly 330,000,000—Echer says, 270,000,000; but he neglected to add 60,000,000 which flowed into the lake in three days. In half an hour, 530,000,000 cubic feet of water passed through the breach, or 300,000 feet per second; which is five times greater in quantity than the waters of the Rhine at Bâle, where it is 1,200 English feet wide. In one hour and a half the water reached Martigny, a distance of eight leagues. Through the first 70,000 feet it passed with the velocity of thirty-three feet per second—four or five times faster than the most rapid river known; yet it was charged with ice, rocks, earth, trees, houses, cattle, and men; 34 persons were lost, 400 cottages swept away, and the damage done in the two hours of its desolating power exceeded a million of Swiss livres. All the people of the valley had been cautioned against the danger of a sudden irruption; yet it was fatal to so many. All the bridges in its course were swept away, and among them the bridge of Mauvoisin, which was elevated 90 feet above the ordinary height of the Drance. If the dike had remained untouched, and it could have endured the pressure until the lake had reached the level of its top, a volume of 1,700,000,000 cubic feet of water would have been accumulated there, and a devastation much more fatal and extensive must have been the consequence. From this greater danger the people of the valley of the Drance were preserved by the heroism and devotion of the brave men who effected the formation of the gallery in the dike, under the direction of M. Venetz. I know no instance on record of courage equal to this: their risk of life was not for fame or for riches—they had not the usual excitements to personal risk, in a world's applause or gazetted promotion,—their devoted courage was to save the lives and property of their fellow-men, not to destroy them. They steadily and heroically persevered in their labours, amidst dangers such as a field of battle never presented, and from which some of the bravest brutes that ever lived would have shrunk in dismay. These truly brave Valaisans deserve all honour!

The Gayer.

Care of the Eyes.—Those who are conscious that their sight has been weakened by its severe and protracted exercise, or arising from any other cause, should carefully avoid all attention to minute objects, or such business or study as requires close application of the visual faculty, immediately on rising:

and the less it is taxed for awhile after eating, or by candle-light, the better.—*Curtis.*

Cause of Diseases of the Eye.—These affections most commonly arise from derangement of the digestive organs, acting on the ganglia and great sympathetic nerve, which has such an extensive influence on the whole system. It is from medical men not bearing this in mind, that cases often seem incurable, and are found so troublesome.—*Ibid.*

Omens.—When George III. was crowned, a large emerald fell from his crown: America was lost in this reign.—When Charles X. was crowned at Rheims, he accidentally dropped his hat: the Duc d'Orleans, now Louis Philippe, picked it up and presented it to him.—On the Saturday preceding the promulgation of the celebrated *ordonnances* by Charles X.'s ministers, the white flag which floated on the column in the Place Vendôme, and which was always hoisted when the royal family were in Paris, was observed to be torn in three places. The *tri-color* waved in its stead the following week.—The morning of the rejection, by the House of Lords, of the first Reform Bill, I never shall forget the ominous appearance of the heavens; it might be truly said

"The dawn was overcast."

At the period of Napoleon's dissolution, on the 4th of the month in which he expired, the island of St. Helena was swept by a tremendous storm, which tore up almost all the trees about Longwood by the roots. The 5th was another day of tempests, and about six in the evening, Napoleon pronounced *tete d'armee*, and expired. INNIS.

The Thames blown out.—Among the phenomena of the recent storm of wind, we find the following noted in the *Morning Herald*: "The wind, as the sailors say, blew all the water out of the Thames, and persons were fording the river at Waterloo bridge. The tide had not been so low for many years. The shoal just below London bridge was high out of water, and the Margate and Gravesend steam-boats were for a short time hard aground, and unable to get away. The return of the tide was very remarkable, for, without any previous indication whatever, (as it appeared to be running down with great velocity the instant before,) it rose at once, nearly a foot, rolling in like a wave, and in less than three minutes after, the persons on the shoals took to their boats, the shoals were under water, and the steam-boats afloat and under way."

Australian Thieves.—A ludicrous theft upon a thief, followed by an equally ludicrous termination to the legerdemain of two thieves was practised some time back in the neighbourhood of Penrith. A man in the employment of the chief-justice at Edenglassie, hung out his shirt to air by the banks of the

Nepean. An observer on the opposite side, striped, and swam across, and took possession of the white or striped pennant. During his absence, another had been equally as busy as himself, and had made as free with his shirt as he had done with that of the man of Edenglassie. A third happened to have his eyes upon both of the shirt appropriators, and took upon himself to see the trick and counter-trick properly adjusted before the magistrates at Penrith. FERNANDO.

Romish Miracle.—Marco Polo, who travelled in the East in the thirteenth century, tells us, "At a convent of monks, in Georgia, dedicated to St. Lunardo, the following miraculous circumstances are said to take place. In a salt water lake, four days' journey in circuit, upon the border of which the church is situated, the fish never make their appearance until the first day of Lent, and from that time to Easter Eve they are found in vast abundance, but on Easter day they are no longer to be seen, nor during the remainder of the year."

Kings of Georgia.—"In Gortania, I was told," says the Venetian traveller, "that in ancient times the kings of the country were born with the mark of an eagle on the right shoulder." By this pretended tradition it may be understood that they were, or affected to be, thought a branch of the Imperial family of Constantinople, who bore the Roman eagle among their insignia.—*INNIS.*

A sublime Prayer.—"O! Eternal, have mercy upon me: because I am passing away; O! Infinite, because I am but a speck; O! most Mighty, because I am weak; O! source of Life, because I draw nigh to the grave; O, omniscient! because I am in darkness; O, all bounteous, because I am poor; O, all sufficient, because I am nothing!"

Flacourt, in his History of the Island of Madagascar, gives the above sublime effusion as emanating from the savages of that island. Savages, quotha! INNIS.

Epigram.

(From the French.)

On a French translation of Horace.

Let us devote this brace of Horaces
To two divinities; between us,
We'll give the Latin one to Venus,
Since she is mistress of the Graces;
The other one, her spouse may claim,
For Vulcan like this version's lame. LUISE.

Epigrams.

Jack his own merit sees, this gives him pride
That he sees more than all the world beside.

Joe hates a hypocrite, this shows
Self-love is not a fault of Joe's.

Printed and published by J. LIMBIRD, 143, Strand, (near Somerset House.) London; sold by G. G. BENNIS, 55, Rue Neuve, St. Augustin, Paris; CHARLES JUGEL, Frankfurt; and by all Newsmen and Booksellers.